SAINT

PAULS POTION,

PRESCRIBED

BY

Doctor *Commons*,

Being very ſicke of a dangerous

FULNESSE,

WITH

The great effects it wrought.

BIRKBECK

Printed in the yeare, 1641.

Doctors Commons Potion preſcribed to *Pauls Quire.*

Doctors Commons.

HOW doe you *Pauls Quire?* methinks that your countenance is much changed? Why looke you ſo wan?

Pauls Quire. Truly there is cauſe, ſince the ſweat hath ſo iſſued from both our ſides, to the ſo great fouling of our Surplices, that the ſent thereof hath ſo much offended our curious Laundreſſes, they will not come neer to waſh them clean: no marvell then though we look wan?

Doct. But I know you are not well, you have ſome dangerous diſeaſe, therefore be adviſed, and look to it in time.

Pauls. I pray you will you looke upon my water; ſee there it is, tell me your opinion by that.

Doct. Truly Sir, let me tell you, your water is very high and dangerous, you have a great diſtemper, you are very ill I ſee.

Pauls. Indeed I have been much troubled of late; but I pray what doe you conceive to be the cauſe of my diſtemper?

Doct. You are troubled with a diſeaſe called *Plenitude*: the diſeaſe lieth much in the head, the

Archbishops, Bishops, &c.

Paul. But can you tell me what hath bred and nourished this disease in me?

Doct. It hath been caused by fulnesse of bloud, abounding alone over the other humours, as it did when three mens bloud surcharged their stomackes, dropping from their eares in one day, as also by the increase of the four humours altogether in their proportion, which in your head were fored to mighty violence.

Paul. What caused this disorder in the humours so to abound?

Doct. The cause ariseth from pride and fulnesse of bread, neglect, and omitting of exercises of the Ministeriall function, and closing with Popery and Popish rites: which disease hath increased by those naturall and artificiall vacuations which the said Archbishops, Bishops, &c. have fomented and established.

Paul. What signes doe you see in mee of any such disease?

Doct. Your face and your eyes be ruddy; that is to say, your Pictures, Altar, Copes, Candles, Bowings, &c. looke not like the eyes or face of a protestant Church: for even such practices are this day at Rome.

Paul. What other signes doe you see?

Doct. Your veynes, that is to say, your Organ pipes, are swolne, the smallest veine whereof doth not become a Protestant Church, but rather the Iews Synagogues.

Paul. What say you to my Pulse? I pray you Doctor feele.

Doct.

Doct. Your pulſe is great and vehement, whilſt all the life of your Religion conſiſts in dumb ſhewes and ceremonies.

Paul. I pray you tell mee what ſignes you finde in my water of this diſeaſe.

Doct. The diſeaſe is eaſily diſcerned by your urine, which is reddiſh and thicke, an infallible ſigne, proceeding from your well fed body, daily full gorged with wine both French and Spaniſh.

Paul. Oh! Maſter Doctor, I am very full of paine, of a ſudden, the veines in my temples doe beat extreamly.

Doct. That ariſeth from the nature of the diſeaſe, eſpecially ſince your head is poſſeſt with ſuch a giddineſſe, Lambeth pillow lyes now very uneaſily.

Paul. I am very heavy, good Mr. Doctor preſcribe ſomething to comfort me.

Doct. In the firſt place, you muſt remove away all Popery and Popiſh innovations from about you, that ſo you may freely and fully receive the Proteſtant aire, for that is very wholeſome. 2. Remove away all infected idolatrous perſons, and offices from about you. 3. Remove the ſtinking ſent of all ſcandalous members out of their places. 4. Avoyd all ſuch nouriſhing diet as may ſtrengthen Popery in you. 5. Uſe Piſan, mixt with nothing but what is gathered out of Gods word. 6. Uſe Repentance, made up of cooling herbs. 7. Avoyd wine and women, and drinke onely the cleer water of the well of life. 8. Laſtly, exerciſe the word of God truly and conſtantly.

Paul. But what will you preſcribe for the cure?

Doct. The cure muſt be begunne with blood letting

as loone as may be; thou must have an experienced Chyrurgian to open the uttermost veine within the Arme, called Humeralis, on the High-commission and spirituall Court side, for there the griefe is most vehement, this veine is so annexed to the head, the Bishops, &c. that by it you shall not only pull backe blood, into a contrary part, but you shall also empty out that by it, as saith, *Hippocrates, Galen, Rhases, &c.*

Paul. But alasse, I am old, and weake, such bleeding may be dangerous to me.

Doct. Then you must have boxing glasses, which the Chyrurgion must use, not to your head it selfe only, but to the parts adjoyning, as the shoulders, and brest, all upholders and maintainers of Popery, and Popish innovations.

Paul. But what physicke will you prescribe me? was I not best to take a potion first?

Doct. Let me see penne and inke and paper, and I will prescribe a potion, and let it be sent for to the Apothecaries speedily, that you may take it this morning before I goe from you.

A Coppy of the Receipt.

Take of Gods threats against Idolatry, two dragms, and pick off as many flowers of the promises of the gospell as you can finde, of each an handfull, with 12. dragmes of the splinters of the Bishops last Canons, and halfe an ounce of their last articles, and add to it 3. scruples of the sweat of a furious Proctors grease, and an ounce of the Pastors fees: Add more 20. drops of the teares of oppressed Clyents,

ents, &3. ſcruples of a Lambs tongue, with 2. Ducks feathers chopt very ſmall, and the fragments of an old Record; put all theſe together into an Organe pipe, and ſeeth them in a ſufficient quantity of the water of repentance, untill the greateſt part be conſumed; then ſtraine it all through a Biſhops lawne ſleeves, and preſſe it hard; adde to the decoction as much of a Lent Licence, as will ſerve to ſweeten it, then purifie it with the white of a Ducke eggs, and make a potion.

Paul. I have taken the potion M. Doctor, but it makes me monſtrous ſick.

Doct. Walke upon it, it will worke by and by.

Paul. Oh, M. Doctor hold my head, ſomething comes up; what is it?

Doct. A great wax-candle, it is well, hold your head ſtill it may be ſomething elſe will follow.

Paul. Oh! ſomething comes that will kill mee I doubt; it ſticks by my ribbs, I thinke, and will not come away; oh, it's almoſt up now, hold my head hard I pray you; ſo now it is up, I am glad of it; what is it?

Doct. A great Altar pend about with Railes, the ſtrangeſt vomit that ever I ſaw before.

Paul Oh! hold me, hold me, helpe good M. Doctor; ſomething ſticks in my throat, oh that it were puld away; pull oh pull hard, I am almoſt dead with it; ſoe, now it is almoſt up, one pull more doth it; ſo, I am glad it is up, it hath eaſed mee well, what was it M. Doctor?

Doct. See here what it is, a great bundle of golden Copes rapt up in linnen Surplices, no marvel though they

they were so troublesome to you to bring them up.

Paul. There is something yet that rumbles in my stomacke, I would it were up, it stirres as if it were alive.

Doct. Strive with it, doe what you can, it will not stay, I see the Potion works well, and will trouble you, feare not; so well done, see what it is, a Mussitian with an organe pipe, it is well it is up; how doe you now?

Paul. A great deale better methinks then I was, but very soare and weary with straining, may I not now lye downe, and sleepe a while?

Doct. Yes by and by, but I would advise you to stay a little; I must crave leave of you to depart a while, I will be with you againe presently, in the mean time I pray you have a care of your selfe, and let some or other be alwaies by you to looke well to you.

Paul. I thanke you M. Doctor; I pray be not long from me.

Doct. I will not, Sir, God willing; fare you well.

FINIS.